



Karen Knorr
Gentlemen

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We
Owe it
to the Free world
not to Allow Brutal Forces
to succeed. When the Rule of law Breaks
down, the World takes a further step towards Chaos



**He Favoured equal
Division of a Property
except Land
and opposed all Privileges,
indeed, and Orders of Men
except Dukes
which were a necessity.**



**Men are interested
in Power.
Women are more interested
in Service.**



**The range of his
Scholarly Interests
was Gluttonous.
His concerns amounted to an
Encyclopaedia of Scenes.**



**If Livingstone
gets his way
we might soon be Living
in the People's Republic of
Greater London**



His ideas began
to take form of Words,
to group themselves into Sentences.
The rhythm of his own Language
swayed him.
Something to Life their Minds,
to Awake sentiment.
Instinctively, he Alliterated.



**The Recapture
of the Territory
is no more than an
Appetiser to
the big Match.**



**Lawrence disapproved.
Knight's critical judgement
was thoroughly warped
by Sensualism.
How anyone could favour
the flabby Luxury of a Rubens
to the linear Chastity of Raphael
God only knows**



**You may meet its Members
in London and Fiji,
in the Swamps and in the Desert,
in the Lands beyond the Mountains.
They are always the Same
for they are branded
with the Stamp
of the Breed.**



**How he longed
desperately
for the halcyon Days
of his Youth
when an Englishmen
could satisfy his own Honour
No questions asked.**



Whether a Man's
Social origin,
once he has been elected
he is looked upon
as an Equal by his
Fellow-Members.



**That morning
it dawned upon him:
Doubts about Government Strategy
were not only Harboured behind Waits-
coats, as well as murmured in the smoking-
room, but in fact, were expressed in almost
every Speech and Question in the Chamber**



**It was our Tongue, our Mother Tongue
that was heard in Chicago and Calcutta,
in Gibraltar, Trinidad and Vancouver.
To this day, judges pronounce English law
in Canberra and New Delhi,
in Ottawa and Washington.**



**Anticipating at the Luncheon
of Salmon Mousse, Scotch Beef,
Deep dish Blackberry and Apple pie
with Pinot Blanc 1981, La Tour Canon 1979
and Bollinger Champagne,
he remembered that he was a Survivor.
Arctic Ration Packs were never
as good as this.**



**Those who Fear
the Rule of Women
but Love the Monarchy
should reconsider the Prejudice;
to ensure the right
of his Firstborn to the Throne
will create a better Climate.**



**Further Progress
was needed, he conceded,
providing the right Fabric
for the advances they had made.
To be a good Housewife and Mother
merited great Commendation
and had the unanimous support
of Members on both sides.**



**If Community life
is to be Lived at its Best,
the greatest good of
the greatest number
must be considered before
the Desires of the Few.**



As he contemplated
the London Arch of Centuries
he was led to conclude
that it was Above all
the English character
which Enlightened
the Corridors of Time
flickering Now and Then
but mostly
Pure and Clear



**It was Paradise
an inward looking paradise.
The Islanders are
the way they were.
As a living Museum
they should be of Interest.
They speak the language
We used to speak.**



What he had endured in silence:
She was uncouth, ignorant,
unpolished and unreliable
he now Could Not Be allowed To Roam.
Nature must first be taken
in Hand. Civilised.



**It was an Idea
which Awakened
all the was Best in him,
reminding him of his own
Higher Nature.
Chivalry, he believed,
should precede all subsequent
Decency in Relations
between Races.**



**The Time has Come
for us to play the Trump card.
The more implacably we Play
our hand in the Falklands affair
the more likely we are
to have a hand to play.**



**He was of the opinion
that Action was
the correct Response
to a breach of
Etiquette.**



**It is a mark
of Good Breeding
to be able to meet
all unprecedented Situations
Calmly, without
Excitement or uncontrolled Anger.**



Unwritten laws Bound him
as much as if They has been Printed
in black and white.
They came down to him
from Old Times.



Newspapers are
no longer ironed,
Coins no longer boiled
So far have
Standards
fallen.

Born in 1954 in Frankfurt am Main, Germany, and raised in Puerto Rico by courtesy of the U.S. Government (Operation Bootstrap), I was too young in the sixties to enjoy the fruits of dissent. Too young to be hippy and too old to be a punk.

I came of age in the 1970's and studied art and photography in Franconia College, New Hampshire, a small, experimental, liberal arts college where there were no required courses, no formal academic departments, and no grades. Degrees were granted after students demonstrated competence in their fields to a faculty committee. Perhaps I was not yet ready for this freedom and left to study Art and French in Paris, then on to London in 1976.

My parents had moved to London in 1975. After a long search they found a property in Belgravia, a fashionable area of the capital near Buckingham Palace, in what has recently been described as a "slice of London so exclusive even the owners are visitors".

The property was a 'maisonette', a two-floor flat facing Lowndes square, lovingly furnished in Georgian style by my mother. I briefly stayed there when I arrived to visit on July 4th 1976 during the hottest British summer in living memory.

This flat was the location where the Belgravia series began to take form in the large front sitting room. I photographed my mother and grandmother posing in furs, smoking and drinking wine, accompanied by Pierre Clémenti and Catherine Deneuve kissing in Buñuel's film Belle de Jour. I photographed their friends living in Eaton Square, Lowndes Square and West Belgrave Mews, taking notes of their conversations which became the text underneath the images.

In the process of making this series, the people I photographed became actors and performed their identities in a collaborative fashion with me. We

chose clothes together and decided which part of their homes would suit the portrait. The meaning of the work can be found in the space between image and text: neither text nor image illustrate each other, but create a "third meaning" to be completed by the spectator. The text slows down the viewing process. We can study the text and return to re-evaluate the image in light of what we have read. Key words are capitalised, broken up and laid out below the image emphasising its constructed and ironic nature.

I stayed in my parents' flat for less than three months. I had decided to study photography and enrolled in a part-time professional photography course at Harrow College of Art and Design to build up my portfolio.

I was very keen to meet London photographers. In those days I identified with David Hemmings who acted as the swinging sixties misogynist photographer in Antonioni's Blow Up. I met David Bailey in his blue-painted house in Kentish Town whose address I had found in the yellow pages. Kind and supportive, his modesty impressed me and I had at last met the myth that inspired my favourite film. Later I began to photograph punks, visiting the Roxy, Vortex and 100 Club, listening to the Slits, Clash and Wayne County.

Two years later, now a full time student at the Polytechnic of Central London, School of Communications, I dropped the idea of being a fashion photographer and was on my way to becoming a conceptual documentary photographer. It was there that my work formed its critical edge responding to the intellectual debates of the 1970's and what was later to be called "the politics of representation". This climate of enthusiastic debate threw all my preconceived ideas to the winds. It was a small revolution that changed my life forever.

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Women are more
interested in service.**